

OUT

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WINTER 1986/87

Edison Electric Light Promotion - NY, 1880 (Scientific American)

THE USUAL SUSPECTS

Rob Chalfen - Editor in Cheese.

Dr. Ahmed Fishmonger - Dean, Collage of Arts and Seances.

DR. BOB CONNORS — teaches at UNH, where he is a professor of rhetoric, whatever that might be. He lives quietly near Durham with his swamp, his beavers and his machines. **The Trip South** is excerpted from his crippling 1248 page manuscript, **None Dare Call It Tenure**, still unpublished, an exhaustive study of the lives and works of the Minnesota or "Scrap Iron" poets, also still unpublished. Bob is smart.

BOB KOPACZ — Artist, inventor, composer, globetrotter, calligrapher, Bubble King and Taoist Sage, Bob Kopacz is one of the great renaissance men of our age. He has studied with master painters in China, tango'd with Bucky Fuller, is about to make it big in Japan with a new photo-optical system for soap bubbles and makes a mean sushi. His **Gin and Tonic Sutra** was transcribed by the editor one inebriated evening last winter during Halley's Comet.

JONATHAN SCHEUER — Noted musicologist and underpaid guardian of world culture, Scheuer is the anti-matter factor within the Mobius Performing Group, as well as being instrumental in the recovery of Spade Cooley from the collector's unconscious. He is the proud owner of an Ion-drive Marimba (since disproved) and the author of the infamous **Seduce and Destroy and Other Technoprose**, which he impishly offered to a trusting world. Scheuer and Zippy, his Apple II+live quite happily on Beacon Hill.

DR. AHMED FISHMONGER — Although his many arrests for unauthorized time travel have taken their toll they have not stopped his lonely crusade to expose the Truth as the flimsy hoax it is. To that end Dr. Fishmonger practices whatever unholy discipline catches his fancy without regard for local statute. Although his accomplishments are legion, his legions are foreign and can only be reached after many days travel over inhospitable terrain. He is thoroughly anti-social in all but moustache, which has been known to wax nostalgic on several occasions. Author of **The Importance of Being Ernst**.

BOB BLACK — lives. West Coast refugee and diabolical acid-tongued nihilo-Swiftian, BB attempts to concoct the ultimate verbal virus to drive the world out of its mind and into his pocket. His **The Abolition of Work and Other Essays** was actually published by Loompanics Unlimited recently and is available from him for \$5 postpaid: PO Box 431, Boston 02258.

DONNA KOSSY — is the high priestess of the Out of Kontrol Data Institute, from which issues her house organ, **False Positive**, a snappy blend of collage, forbidden thought and found lunacy available from [her](#) at: PO Box 432 Boston, MA 02258. Single issues \$3, subscriptions of 4 at \$8 payable to Her. Current issue #6: **SEX**.

JIM WHEAT — Texas recluse and comic genius, Wheat has developed his special allergy to small town America into symptoms of visionary hilarity. His brilliant pamphlets are like laughing gas editions of your home-town paper. Available from him at 1202 Oriole, Garland TX 75042. Unpriced, but I'd say \$5 would get you a bunch.

ROB CHALFEN — Noted cognitive dissident and put-off artist, Chalfen has been raising eyebrows for domestic consumption since his **Homage to Catatonia** appeared unexpectedly in 1971 and stayed for supper. His **Journal of Industrial Safety and False Jazz Dogma** appears here cleverly disguised as OUT Magazine.

ERIK SATIE — The fact that Erik Satie was first to cross the Atlantic solo in a rickety 6 cylinder plane (**Les Six**) is well known to all, although his real distinction came during his illustrious two terms as prime minister of Moravia. His bizarre sinus condition baffled medical science for three decades until its cure led to new insights in fields as diverse as rust proofing and corduroy suit design. He was also, or so we're told, a pretty good piano player. The piece here excerpted dates from 1912.

ST. BYRON WERNER — is a well-respected artist on the Los Angeles scene although, curiously, he was once stoned in San Francisco. His critically acclaimed publication **Famous Potatoes** was hailed as "the Last Supper of clip-art flotsam" by none other than Beef Michelson of the Ozark Spectre. When awake, he works as a muzak reconditioner and customizes stock plaster statuary for the jaded rich.

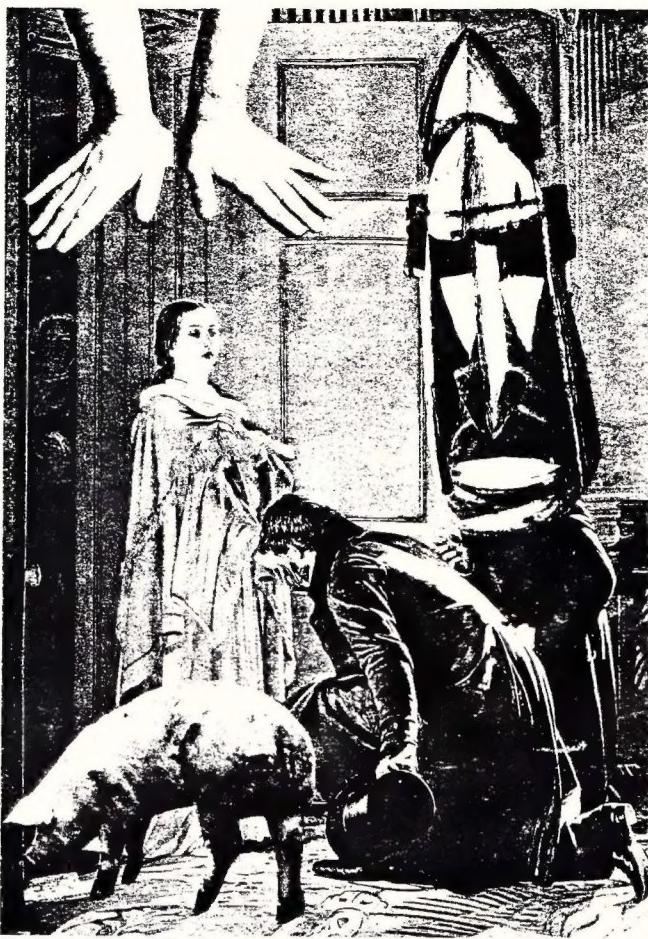
REMOTE CONTROL INSTITUTE — Reports that George Schultz has denounced them as "nothing but a cheap Bobist ploy" are probably apocryphal. Nevertheless, the shadowy brain of Mark Johnson is being pressure-treated to withstand any further pink noise.

J'Hova¹⁰ — Dean of Somerville slackmasters, J' is equally handy with a set of skins and a pair of pinking shears. One of the driving forces behind the band **Doktors for Utter Stupidity** and inventor of standing-wave music, he is revered by all who have been to Revere.

PAGAN KENNEDY — Her benign appearance betrays no sign of the uncanny being which lies beneath. All the better.

A THOUSAND THANKS to our many contributors, real or imaginary, without whose help this magazine would have been purely coincidental.

THE TRIP SOUTH



Remote Control Institute

Dr. Robert J. Connors

I've just recently been down to Baton Rouge, to clean up varied loose ends and spend a little time with the few people who are still down there. The trip was an agglomeration of things. For tax purposes, it was a research trip to use the LSU Library. Ostensibly it was a trip to clean up the final few elements of property relating to my grotesque divorce settlement — to get a bureau and some other things belonging to my mother back from Z. In part it was a sheer vacation, just to agitate the asphalt, see some Civil War battlefields, stop and molest friends on the way down. I hadn't really had a vacation of any sort since 1981, and I figured it was about time to trust my pathetic ass to the mercy of the highway once again. I threw a mattress into the back of the pickup — you can't live in the country without a pickup truck, as I quickly learned when I faced a huge mound of fragrant trash seeking dignified death at the dump and only my decrepit old MG to haul it — and headed south — with somewhat mixed feelings, as you can understand.

Stopped with some friends — classical-period yuppies who pay \$1200/mo for the privilege of subsisting in three tiny rooms filled with miniaturized yup-toys — tiny high-tech bits of Japan and Germany gleam in the dim airshaft light — in New York. Fun in the sun on the way in, two hours of broiling trafficjam on the Midtown Tunnel approach, socializing with the other victims as we got out of our cars, built campfires, had picnics. Several couples became serious and got engaged, some people had time to construct rude cabins and plant modest gardens before traffic started moving again and our little community was broken up.

Running slow at that point, I weakened and crept onto the interstate for a long haul across Tennessee. I had been sleeping with friends and in the pickup bed, but was feeling a tad sebaceous and wanted a shower, so I aimed for western Tennessee and the dubious comforts of a trucker's motel. Got to a Motel 6 in Murfreesboro that night after a bone-grinding 600 miles, and it was there that I knew feelingly that I was back in the South. Are you familiar with Motel 6? It's a chain of cheesy motels across the south — twenty bucks a night gets you peeling sheetrock walls, bubblegum-ridden indoor-outdoor carpeting, and thin pink blankets. A tiny outdoor pool the temperature of bathwater, populated by squealing kids you just know are micturating as they dogpaddle. Clammy cinderblock exterior avec dripping window-unit ACs. No phone in room, a TV set always tuned to the Nashville Channel, an air conditioner that's always got a screw or three loose and vibrates like a Tri-Motor on takeoff. Piles of emptied cigarette butts (Marlboros, Benson and Hedges Menthol 100s, Home Runs) in the parking lot, cigarette burns on the table (have you ever noticed how cigarette smoking is really starting to become an indicator of class? — except for driven career women and neurotics, only poor people and teenagers still smoke.), a poorly repaired hole where some poor yahoo put his fist through it in a flux of anger at his nineteen-year-old wife who didn't wanna go out the Ponderosa naow cuz mah hair is still in thase rollas and yew jus hol ya dayum horses til ah git it drah ah know yer hungreh but ah got ta feed th' babeh an ahm jus not ready now stop fussin at me. Oh! Whah, yew fool. You'll hafta pay fa that. Ya broke ya hand? Oh, Gawd!

That's Motel 6. While in Murfreesboro, I saw the Stones River Battlefield — I had never heard of this battle, but it turns out to have been an important one, the first big battle of the western campaign, about which we in the north hardly ever hear — then, tired of the interstates and their progeny, I headed south to Lynchburg for the obligatory Jack Daniels tour. It's worth seeing, I guess, and maybe it's only my own cynicism that made me see tired toleration and secret condescension in the hooded eyes of the sturdy good old boy who led our becameraed and Bermudashorted cadre of seekers through the mysteries of the distillery. (He answered questions. I asked some. It's all made from local ingredients, aged with local charcoal, stored in locally-coopered barrels. All good Tennessee products to make Tennessee whiskey. All the corn and grain was from local farmers? Oh yes. Did they put sugar in the mash? Oh, no. Having once made whiskey myself, I asked: Do you malt your own barley, then? He got a little miffed. Well, the barley comes already malted, in trucks, from Wisconsin. Oh. He was sorta cool to me after that.)

They're selling far more than whiskey at the JD plant, and they know it. The truly interesting thing is the way that clever merchandising and good ads have managed to make a small-town distillery that's neither particularly old nor particularly novel into a major mecca and some sort of Hometown USA symbol. Those Jack Daniels ads repackage everybody's memories (and not even of our actual lives, but rather of some sort of dream lives we lived in Mayberry with Andy and Barney, good friendly country people doing honest work in a traditional way, living the lives we all feel we've somehow left behind to go to the big city) and sell them back to us. That's what Lynchburg is — half real town, half constant stage set for the American small-town dream that most people feel they've sold out... In the little square in Lynchburg, tourists stop, blinking, feeling in some way they've come home, to the \$3.00 plate lunch and the courthouse and the general store... and somehow home has become a tourist attraction, a place you go and spend money and then have to leave...



Bob Kopacz

Baton Rouge. The Red Stick, capitol of a dying oil and gas empire. It looms on the bluff, huddles within the bend of the river, lit by the yellowish glare of burnoff jets from oil cracking at Exxon up in Scotlandville. The boom center of the bustling Louisiana I came to in 1980, Baton Rouge now seems tentative, ghostly. Newspapers blow in the streets. Cars waiting at stoplights are older, more sun-bleached. Empty buildings sport faded graffiti, yesterday's fern bars become today's burned-out shells. I stayed with my lesbian friend Doris. I did get the furniture, stayed in town five days through a vicious heat wave, got to New Orleans for a night. BR didn't feel like home at all. It seemed alien, with little to offer. I was reminded feelingly of why I wanted so badly to get out of there, despite the fascinating and exotic aspects of bonton life on the bayou.

Baton Rouge is incredibly provincial. I suppose I just couldn't allow myself to realize it while I lived there. I had forgotten just how hard it is to see good theatre there, to hear music that isn't local garage rock or Cajun. The heat, mein Gott! Giant roaches proliferate. Everybody there has fleas in their houses. My own bed was infested by the time I left. Doris, with whom I stayed, owns a huge scrofulous wolf, a 7/8 wolf cross, actually, and the poor gangrel creature ("Cosmo" is its name-o) is allergic to everything, has fungus infections, looks like a shabby, moth-eaten exhibit of a stuffed wolf in a third-rate museum. They feed it rice, cooked fruit, and raw potatoes. Its sores bleed and it slavers all over everything as it snaps up these pieces of spud. It never goes out of the house, shits on the floor and bleeds, sleeps on the beds, which are covered with ropy yellowed bloodstains. They just had it castrated, and its empty scrotum, not yet shrunken, flops about. It makes no sounds, just looks at you with those sunken, wild eyes. It is not dangerous or ferocious — just completely miserable, yet somehow detached from itself. It should never have been born, it's trying to tell you with every twitch. Poor creature. I really hope they put it out of its misery, for its own sake as well as theirs. It has no joy in its life.

Z would not see me — she sent her junior law partner — a poor little guy who obviously expected the ex-husband to be an archetype with red eyes and a foul leer, and who was relieved when I didn't turn into a Jack Nicholson character on him — to let me into the house to get the furniture. There was a curious lack of affect about being there; I had thought it would be an emotional *sturm und drang*, and instead felt neutral. I found out that Z is spreading an absolutely false story about how she came home unexpectedly from school one day and caught me in bed with a red-haired graduate student and that's why she left me. Jeez. Complete fiction, of course. I do not know what disturbs me more: the idea that she is coldly and calculatingly promoting this fiction with some eye to the main chance, rehabilitating herself in the eyes of people who were my friends, or the idea that she might have somehow come to believe this story, and is telling herself that everything she did to me is made okay because I was cheating on her and deserve to writhe. Perhaps it's hard to explain that lightning-like B~ ~ ~ i affair, that overtly unfair property settlement, that writ of sequestration, merely on the basis of my not having met her emotional needs. It's easier to say that she fucked me up good because she caught me cheating on her. And everyone nods their heads and agrees that that slug got what was coming to him. I have no idea why she does these things — they seem to go against all common sense on a spiritual level.

The trip home was an old-time interstate dukeout — 1900 miles in three days. It all went by in a blur of grey pavement and white lines. To Atlanta night one, to West VA night two, and back here night three. Whew. I was gone two weeks. I've been back to the south now and don't think I'll need to go again soon. ■

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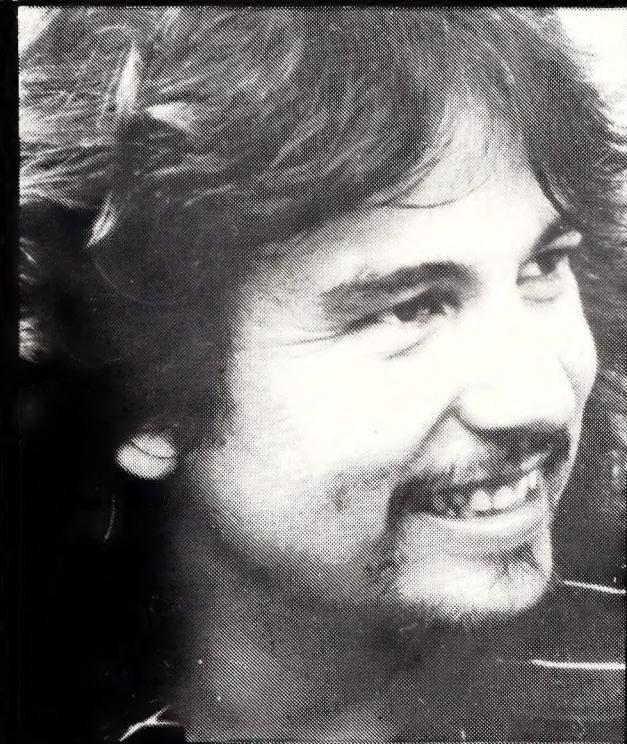
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X1 ma9laysh.
X2 ma9laysh, yaa Habeebee.
X3 inta maa bitHibb shawraba?
X4 ma9laysh.
X5 inta maa btifham kuli shee?
X6 ma9laysh.
X7 inta maa btiqdir tiktub
kull il-kimaat?
X8 ma9laysh.
X9 inta maa shift na9na9 9alai-jabai?
X10 ma9laysh.
X11 inta maa Sghet ukhtak?
X12 ma9laysh.
X13 inta maa btidhakkar?
X14 inta maa btidhakkar ismee?
X15 ma9laysh.
X16 ana fahimt, ana fahimt,
ana fahimtak,
X17 ana fahimtak, yaa wajha shawraba.
X18 ana darast.
X19 ana darast, darast, darast.
X20 inta shribt kamaan?
X21 na9am, na9am, yaa lift.
X22 ana darast oo shribt oo nimt
oo ba9dayn ana niseet.
X23 oo il-ra'eess?
X24 il-ra'eess byinaam ikteer?
X25 SaHH, yaa wajha lift.
X26 il-ra'eess byinaam kuli il-yawn.
X27 SaHeeH?
X28 min zamaan?
X29 il-ra'eess kaan 9am byinaam
min sab9a sineen.
X30 shoo?
X31 shoo inta qilt?
X32 ana qilt, yaa wajha banadoora,
an qilt "min sab9a sineen."
X33 yimkin
X34 yimkin min 9ishreen sana,
meen bya9rif?
X35 ana, ana ba9rif.
X36 ana ba9rif, yaa wajha malfoofee.
X37 kayf il-munkhaar?
X38 kayf munkhaarak?
X39 kayf munkhaarak, yaa aboo il-hawi?
X40 aboo il-hawi byiqool
"wayn munkhaar?"
X41 laakin intee, yaa Habeebtee,
intee bta9riffee,
X42 intee bta9riffee wayn,
X43 intee bta9riffee wayn munkhaarree,
X44 kuli yawn,
X45 mush hayk?

What am I saying?
It doesn't matter.
It doesn't matter, darling.
You don't like soup?
It doesn't matter.
You don't understand everything?
It doesn't matter.
You can't write
all the words?
It doesn't matter.
You didn't see mint on the mountain?
It doesn't matter.
You didn't listen to your sister?
It doesn't matter.
You don't remember?
You don't remember my name?
It doesn't matter.
I understood, I understood,
I understood you,
I understood you, soup face.
I studied.
I studied, studied, studied.
Did you drink too?
Yes, yes, turnip.
I studied and drank and slept
and then I forgot.
And the President?
Does the President sleep a lot?
Correct, turnip face.
The President sleeps all day long
Really?
For a long time?
The President has been sleeping
for seven years.
What?
What did you say?
I said, tomato face,
I said "for seven years."
Maybe,
maybe for twenty years,
who knows?
Me, I know.
I know him, cabbage face.
How's the nose?
How's your nose, man?
How's your nose, sphinx?
The Father-of-Terror says
"Where's my nose?"
But you, darling,
you know,
you know where,
you know where my nose is,
every day,
don't you?

"RADICAL" FEMINISM AS FASCISM

Bob Black



Donna Kossy / Out of Kontrol

As the title of a childhood classic points out, *Pigs Is Pigs* — and this regardless of the shape of their genitals. Ilse Koch was a Nazi, not a "sister." Love is not hate, war is not peace, freedom is not slavery, and book-burning is not liberatory. Anti-authoritarians who would be revolutionaries confront many difficult questions. First, though, they should answer the easy ones correctly.

All hyperbole and metaphor aside, what passes for "radical feminism" is fascism. It promotes chauvinism, censorship, maternalism, pseudo-anthropology, scapegoating, mystical identification with nature, apartheid, tricked-up pseudo-pagan religiosity and enforced uniformity of thought and even appearance (in some quarters, Hera help the ectomorphic or "feminine" feminist!). Here is all of the theory and too much of the practice we should all be able to recognize by now.

An ominous tactical continuity with classical fascism, also, is the complementarity between private-vigilantist and statist methods of repression. Thus *Open Road*, the *Rolling Stone* of anarchism, applauded some anti-porn actions in Vancouver, not as direct action, hence understandable even if misdirected, but rather because they encouraged lethargic prosecutors to persecute. In post-World War I Italy, fascist gangs attacked socialist and trade-union organizations with the tacit approval of the police, who never intervened except against the left. (The suppression of the IWW in America followed a similar pattern). As I once wonderingly asked: "How come these women won't get in bed with any man except the DA?"

Not that I could care less about the porn-for-profit industry, for its "rights" of free speech or property. That is beside the point, which is: why single out this species of business? To target porn bespeaks planning and priorities, not elemental anti-capitalist spontaneity. Those who carry out a calculated policy can't complain if their reasons are asked for, and questioned.

Fascist ideology always incongruously asserts to its audience, its chosen people, that they really are at one and the same time oppressed and superior. The Germans didn't really lose the First World War (how could they? *Ex hypothesi* they are superior) therefore, they were stabbed in the back. (But how could a superior race let such a situation arise in the first place?) Men along, we are told in a feminist Anti-Pornography Movement diatribe in Toronto's *Kick It Over*, "have created the nature-destroying and woman-hating culture." If so, then either women have contributed absolutely nothing to culture, or there is something more or something else to this culture than destroying nature and hating women. For their own purposes (some of which are as mundane as sexual rivalry with straight men for the

women they both desire), self-styled radical feminists actually reduce women to nothing but helpless, cringing near-vegetables, passive victims of male contempt and coercion. This profoundly insults women in a way which the worst patriarchal ideologies — the Jewish notion of woman as a source of pollution, for instance, or the Christian nightmare of woman as temptress and uncontrollable sexual nature-force — fell short of. They defamed woman as evil but could hardly regard her as powerless. The new woman-as-victim stereotype is directly traceable to nineteenth century Victorian patriarchal attitudes reducing (bourgeois) women to inert ornaments. By denying to women the creative power inherent in everyone it places women's demands on a par with those advanced for, say, baby seals.

Suppose instead what only the most demented feminists and misogynists deny, that things aren't quite that bad, that women have been subjects as well as objects of history. Then how can women — or any other subordinated group: workers, blacks, indigenous peoples — be entirely acquitted of all complicity in the arrangements which condemn them to domination? There are reasons for these accommodations. There is no excuse for denying their existence.

(Just a quick comment on a striking imbecility in the quoted comment which passed unquestioned in *KIO*. It is generally supposed, and not only by the *When God Was a Woman* crowd, that women probably invented agriculture. Among the consequences of this discovery were — to say nothing of the state, class society, property, etc. — the destruction of most of the ecosystems which previously flourished. Agriculture has annihilated much of the diversity of the biosphere already, creating deserts and extinguishing the habitats not only of countless plants and animals but also of the last remaining stateless, classless human societies. What then of woman's innate affinity with nature? "When God was a woman" it was already necessary to abolish Her.)

This isn't sour grapes. It has never bothered me that some women dislike men, even to the point of having nothing to do with them. I don't like most men myself, especially the archetypal "masculine" ones. I can't help but notice, though, that the vast majority of women feel otherwise. The radical feminists have noticed it too and it drives them to distraction. I would be the first to agree that vast majorities can be wrong. But then I criticize majorities, I don't pretend to speak for them. Radical feminists, in contrast, are vanguardists. As such they need to rationalize their animosities, and so they have, making a dick-determinist demonology out of their prejudices. As man-haters they can't help but be woman-haters too.

To equate pornography with rape — beneath the rancorous rhetorical froth, this seems to be the core APM axiom — is presumably intended to make porn seem more serious. And yet, if men call the shots and the system's built-in tendency is (as we're told) to denature oppositional initiatives of which the feminists' is the most revolutionary, then the likely result is rather to make rape seem more trivial. It's the old story of the womyn who cried wolf.

According to feminoid epistemology, men understand nothing of the real nature of women. One might logically

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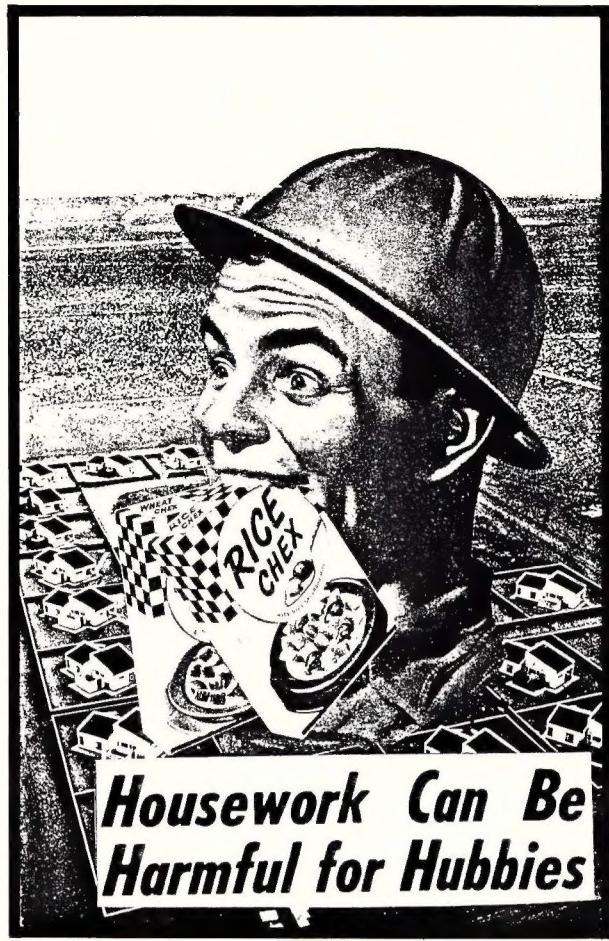
suppose that the estrangement of the sexes resulting from disparate roles and discrimination would work both ways, and so most of us attending to our actual experience reluctantly conclude. But no: men don't understand women, but women (at any rate their radical feminist vanguard) understand men. Women — feminist experts, anyway — understand pornography and its meaning for men much better than the men who write and read it — and lesbian-separatists, who avoid men and decline to have sex with them, appreciate these verities best of all. The more remote your experience is from the real life of actual men, the better you understand them. Turning this around, isn't the Pope, as he claims, the ultimate authority on women and sexuality?

The asserted connection of porn with rape is allegorical, not empirical. As a correlation it compares with the recently revived "reefer madness" marijuana -to-heroin Rake's Progress line in its absurdity and in its suitability for the state's purposes. If feminism didn't exist, conservative politicians would have had to invent it. (Why, pray tell, did all-male legislatures ever criminalize "obscenity" in the first place? And why do all-male courts arbitrarily exclude it from constitutional protection?) APM haries, should they ever deal with people instead of their own fevered projections, would discover that porn is of no interest to the majority of post-pubescent males — not because they are politically correct but just because most males find porn gross, sleazy, and above all, inferior to the real thing.

The feminist book-burners are cowardly opportunists. If what they object to is the subliminal socialization of women into subservient roles vis-a-vis men (curiously, adopting the same roles vis-a-vis butch lesbians is harmless fun), their primary, near-preemptive preoccupation would have to be *Cosmopolitan*, Barbara Courtland romances, and the vast crypto-pornographic pop literature written for and snapped up by women. After all, the gore and violence are derivative: only victims can be victimized in any way. Fifteen years ago, the original women's liberationists (subsequently switched like changelings with today's priestesses, lawyers and upscale bureaucratic) at least lashed out at influential enemies like Hugh Hefner and Andy Warhol. Nowadays they terrorize teenage punk anarchists whose collages insinuate, for instance, that Margaret Thatcher is a ruler, the "mother of a thousand dead," not a "sister." Such is the logic of this bizarre biological determinism: any animal equipped with a vagina is one of Us, any prick-privileged person is one of Them. One can only echo The Firesign Theatre: "Who am us, anyway?"

Male leftists are easy and often willing yes-men to feminist aggrandizement. They combine guilt at past improprieties (by and large, those who feel guilty — toward women, blacks, foreigners, whatever — usually are) with a present ambition to get into the leftist-feminists' pants. Thus Berkeley, California, where I used to live, is crawling with male "feminists" who converted, the easier to get laid. Much the same scam seems to be happening in Toronto and, doubtless, many other places. These ulterior ambitions don't in themselves discredit the ideologies to which they are appended — one can come to the right conclusion for the worst of reasons. But insofar as the opinions at issue certainly seem to be idiotic to anyone without an extraneous interest in embracing them, otherwise inexplicable paroxysms by (male) intellectuals seem to be most plausibly explainable as self-interested insincere rationalizations.

Possibly the ideology I've excoriated is something that some people had to work through in order to free themselves to the extent necessary to venture upon a project of collective liberation. Already a few alumnae of feminism have moved on to the common quest for freedom, and some are the better for what they've been through. We all have our antecedent embarrassments (Marxism, libertarianism, syndicalism, Objectivism, etc.) to put behind us. Had we not thought in ideological terms it's hard to believe we'd ever get to the point where we could think for ourselves. To be a Trotskyist or a Jesuit is, in itself, to be a



Housework Can Be Harmful for Hubbies

Donna Kossy / Out of Kontrol

believer, that is to say a chump. And yet a rigorous romp through any system might show the way out of the Master-System itself. Not likely, however, when women critics are ostracised as renegades while male critics are ignored or defamed as a matter of principle. (A precisely parallel mechanism for maintaining a conspiracy of silence is worked by Zionists: Gentile critics are "anti-Semites," Jewish critics can only be consumed by "Jewish self-hatred.") Separatism may be absurd as a social program and riddled with inconsistencies (scarcely any separatists separate from patriarchal society to anything like the extent that, say, survivalists do — and nobody intervenes more to mind other people's business than separatists). But semi-isolation makes it easier to indoctrinate neophytes and shut out adverse evidence and argument, an insight radical feminists share with Moonies, Hare Krishna, and other cultists. It's fortunate that their doctrines and subculture as initially encountered are so unappetizing. Indeed, I've noticed a graying of radical feminism: as Sixties politics and culture continue to gutter out, less and less women have had the proper pre-soak preparing them for feminist brainwashing. Radical feminists (so called) in their early 20's are rare, and getting scarcer.

Radical feminism (no point disputing title to the phrase with its present owners), then, is a ludicrous, hate-filled, authoritarian, sexist dogmatic construct which revolutionaries accord unmerited legitimacy by taking seriously at all. It is time to stop matronizing these terrorists of the trivial and hold them responsible for preaching genocidal jive and practicing very evil (even, if the truth be told, rape!) they insist has been inflicted on them. (Or rather, as it usually turns out, on some other supposititious "sister": the typical radical feminist has had it pretty good.) How to thwart femino-fascism? That's easy: just take feminists at face value and treat them as equals ... then hear them howl! The Empress has no clothes ... and that's what I call obscene. ■

Who Runs America?



WHY I'VE DECIDED TO BECOME A WEALTHY ARTIST

Polare Levine

A few months ago, I was relieving myself in the men's room at the Hyatt Regency Hotel in Cambridge. On the wall was a print of a Mark Rothko painting. I immediately recalled a bank I had been in. On the walls were a number of large paintings in the style of Jackson Pollock. They were piping in a muzak version of a song about Van Gogh. Here in the mainstream of American consciousness are three tortured rebels who died for the sins of the bourgeoisie. I also recall waiting on a supermarket line where I saw a magazine cover with a color glossy picture of two people. One was a former member of the Fluxus group and the other was a man who had once outraged the Western world by proclaiming himself more popular than Jesus. Some of the words on the cover said, "YOKO: How Will She Cope With Life After John?" I paid for my groceries with three one-dollar bills. Each bill had on it the picture of the generalissimo of a radical band of guerilla soldiers. With that same dollar bill a housewife in Corpus Christi, Texas will buy three cans of Campbell's chicken noodle soup: three vessels, each containing nutritionally raped semi-liquids. These same cans were icons of the 60's avant-garde.

I've recently come to the conclusion that today's avant-garde is tomorrow's advertising slop and vice versa.

It makes one give pause.

America eats rebels every day for lunch and says, "mmm mmm good". John Cage is a tuna sandwich. Nothing more, nothing less. The sum total of Western culture equals exactly a bowl of soup and a piece of toast. I don't find this disturbing in the least. I'm merely acknowledging in public a very mundane fact of life.

So why do we artists think we're all such hot stuff and our little projects worthy of so much attention? Why do we construct hierarchic pyramids of achievement that suggest that the people on the bottom level of the pyramid paint and buy pictures of sailboats and fruitbowls and the people who inhabit the top of the pyramid fill a 1200 sq. ft. room with topsoil?

We make firm distinctions between art and entertainment. If Laverne and Shirley is entertainment, is Laurie Anderson an artist or is she an entertainer for the educated elite? Is the purpose of art to entertain and decorate? If so, are Johnny Carson and Calvin Klein artists? If not, are Spalding Gray and Andy Warhol entertainers? If art's purpose is to uplift one spiritually, is Billy Graham an artist? If it is to politicize, is Ronald Reagan an artist? If it is a means of confrontation, is Larry Flint an artist?

We artists spend much of our lives nurturing the identity of an exclusive fraternity of mystics entrusted with putting the pure essence of Beauty and Truth upon an endless mass of foam guzzlers and nosepickers. We call them The Bourgeoisie. They are dumb and rich. We are smart and broke. And we commit ourselves to this formula.

However, it's only the bourgeoisie who have the means to spend a portion of their lives in places such as medical schools, art schools and the like. It's only the bourgeoisie who are at leisure to pass their time in heated debate of the fine points of aesthetics or in the making or buying of art.

But I'm not bourgeois! I don't own a luxurious complete 9-piece dinette set from the renowned collection of Ethan Allen! Who is the bourgeoisie anyway? Is it the power brokers? They are the only ones who can afford art. Is it everyone out there who doesn't appreciate, understand and rally around the banner of the avant-garde? If so, there are only 15,000 people on the entire planet who are not bourgeois. Unless one accepts only the most rigid definition, it's difficult to escape the inescapable: We are of them. There's even a bit of Mom and Pop in us all.

Unfortunately for us, the hordes out there are immune to shock tactics. They've been through the cubists, the Dadaists, Sinatra, Elvis, Brando, JD's, Lenny Bruce, Larry Flint, The Beatles, hippies, happenings, saying "fuck" on stages, doing fuck on stages and watching people eat shit on the big silver screen. Far out art can at best bore the non-believer. The Masses have learned to simply change the station. They now go to art events with the express intention of being "shocked". They like it. In present day America we are as potent as whoopie cushions when it comes to popping holes in the smiley-face balloon. Rebels are heretofore unemployed. It's time for us to find a new line of work, a new formula. Such as the business of being creative and sensitive; sensitive to the amorphous and futile dichotomy of our social and aesthetic assumptions. Creativity is the only remaining viable avenue of rebellion against all the stupidity on this green sphere. Unselfconscious, non-dogmatic, non-hierarchic creativity is so insidious a weapon that its enemy never notices its presence. It's that subtle. Very quiet in its own unassuming, unselfcongratulatory way. It has integrity. It has stiletto fineness. It has no favorite style. It has no favorite occupation, be that "artist" or "dentist". And it moves people in spite of itself.

excerpted from a lecture
delivered at Mass. College of Art
11/83



Avion Outfox

CREAM OF WHEAT

Jim Wheat

who's what

Bob and Mae Lou Brigham are at it again. For 3½ hours, the newly-wed couple battled it out with swordfish. Bob, if you'll remember, is the young man whose mind was carried off by **Peeping Toms** last spring.

Lookie Giles was overcome with loudness when she got too close to the piano at church Sunday. She has been in and out of childhood ever since.

Pooter Goolsby has taken up residence in the coal mine again, being under doctor's orders to rest his mental malfunctions. Pooter has been haunted for several years now, and modern living has given him the spooks of late.

The Baptist Church is being remodeled to accommodate the pastor's truss collection. The wide assortment of supporters was left behind at the gypsy camp last winter. The collection has been valued by skeptics at twelve dollars.

Last Sunday's thunderstorm put the scare into **Lefty Simmons**. She was looking up at a pecan and was knocked unconscious by a heavy wind. She remembers very little when she has to.

During the same storm, BB-size hail pummeled the skull of **Tizzie Codwort** as she was walking her stuffed poodle in front of Dickerson's Laundromat. She was not seriously injured, but her companion did lose a few feathers to the experience.

Ed Tigley's lifelong companion, **Woofus**, the leather chicken, was run over repeatedly by a dozen or more gravel trucks last Friday and Saturday. The stuffed animal emerged with nary a scratch and has returned to duty on the kitchen table where it serves as a watchdog and pin cushion.

These two opposites the same

He likes two-week careers ... she likes to sit ... their friends passed out on the honeymoon.

"He just kept popping up cowboy," she said. "That's probably true — a year ago," he said.

At this point, she was falling in love with his Hong Kong truck.

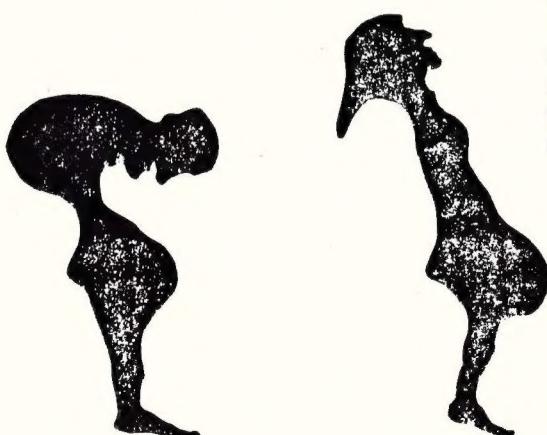
"I liked the fact that she noticed where she lived," he said. And she knew just where he was born.

They began to date as man and wife.

Six months ago, she loved every minute. "But we actually spent more time in the morning," he says.

She asked him to have lunch with his mother and get back to work.

He likes plenty of groceries ... she likes the opposite. So they moved in with her parents.



JUST AFTER SHE OPENED THE JAR

WARNING!!
You Can Become Physical

Living 'alone'

Jefferson Brown sat down.

It took him awhile to get used to it.

He had been on the side of the road.

"They leave me there," he said.

Then he took a red plaid shirt and pulled it up his leg.

"When the weather is right, I make more money sellin' clothespins. I don't know what I was wearing, but a woman ran over my clothes."

And he remembers it as though it had happened.

"I prop my head up to help pass the time," he said. "I could have all three, but I can't leave them alone," he added.

He squinted and filled up a shoe when I asked if I had the wrong man.

"I stopped a straw hat with a baby stroller, and sure enough two nurses happened to be selling insurance," he said. "Now, it's mostly peaceful."

"My son sells toys to his daughters. It may be way up here, but I feel like I'm out there," he said.

"They're nice people when they leave me alone."

When Jefferson Brown came to, he wanted to know.

Earth couple hopping mad about FOREVER

House with black bug now popular restaurant

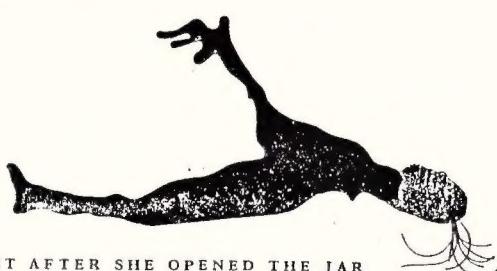
you'll need to read

WHERE TO HIDE FROM NIXON, by Your Name Here. 1012 pages. \$24.95.

Everything you need to know to "get out of his way" is in this massive compilation. The author's 30-years experience in hiding clearly proves the value of this volume as he (she) is still successfully hiding. (By the way, this reviewer is still hiding from Truman.)

WONG PING, HE-MAN OF THE OZARKS, by Donna U. Wanna. 245 pages. \$8.95.

A delightful children's tale of the Wong Ping family, who live in an old Model T by the nuclear plant. Sundays find the Pings attending the church of their choice and blowing their noses on the preacher. There are laughs galore on the odd-numbered pages and questionable stains on the even.



G

ICY HOT
Little BLUE PO

Sudden Fa

See Thru Mu

Shoe BOX Po
swiss Clue M

Big John PLU

BRIGHT & EARLY

ONE-A-DAY

Knee Squa

CHOW BELL

BATH Water

Mexican BUSH

Farm Boy's

Pork 'n Bone

GRANDMA'S

Tree SHADOW

BLUE Dog MO

QUEEN SIZE Facial

*Your groceries free— for

COUNTRY M

WHITE Hot JOY

Hi-Ho Horse

"Not that"

Oklahoma Judg

UFO Twins i

cinemania

I SAID I WAS!
experiences through a
peaceniks over to slav

SO THEM'S PAPAY
turned on to reality
sending millions of pro

I NEED NO THINKER
wheel distributor get i

I NOW PRONOUNC
proposal gets out of h
discover that "love" is

GAS LEAK SALE!

HOT BUTTER BEER
BLUE PORK Stick
DEN Faces KITTY DIAPERS

FU Muscle TOWELS
BOX Pocket COOKIES

Cue MUSIC
PUMP Loaf

"Light up, we both lose money!"
EARLY HOT POT SAUCE

A-DAY HAWK Sprouts
Squeeze LIVER Straps
BELL ARM WATER

Water NAVEL BLEACH

BUSH Scissors

Boy's CRUMB ON A STICK
Bone Ankle CRYSTALS

OMA'S Two BABY SHIRTS

MADOW MOUNTAIN Milk

Dog MOUTH TRAPS
Fecal DIAPERS

"I'm not the same, see?"

TRY More GUMBO Jelly

Hot JOY FISH

Horse HELPER

"The last time I saw it all."

HENNERMAN'S

"Funnel cloud"

"invade home, cook up lousy food"

nia

AS! — A Baptist preacher shouts his wartime through a gun barrel and manages to convert three to slavery.

PAPAYAS — An Alabama melon farmer is really when his microscope backfires on him; of prehistoric beings into his retinas.

THINKER — Fried pie salesman and a steering get one a tangle over a greasy rope.

ANNOUNCE YOU HERE AND THERE — A marriage out of home in a windstorm as Lupe and Flaco have a three-letter word in a pig's suit.

HOT Oil DEODORANT Remover
SMOKY PURE RELIEF Log
HEFTY HINKLE Rug Butter
Tucker's EGG BAGS
MRS. Olive PILLOW Shirts
PERMA. PURE Elbow Hose
Chinese LAUNDRY Diet BOOK

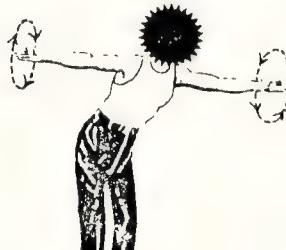
"Prices so low, beggars shot on sight!"

Party PUPPY PEA PODS
DISPOSABLE CATFISH DINNERS
ANGEL SWEET WHIPPING BAGS
CHICKEN TOOTH CAT FOOD
Torpedo Whip CHICKEN Brownies
TOUCH OF BROWN MONKEY Batter
15 HOUR Instant NAP Juice
HAPPY BABY SOUR TROUT

HY-Tide Laundry Mustard
Mrs. CHUCK Treetop PUMPER
SHOULDER TOP Luggage Halves
Spray 'N GLUE T-BONE Sweetener
LITTLE SWEET Sugar Free FILTERS
MOUNTAIN GROWN MOON BEANS

NATURALLY SPANISH CHILI Bugs

"Why pay more—for the same price?"



A SLAVE TO FASHION

SOMEBODY CALL ME, and I will run inside and read you the scriptures back and forth.

Jazzbo Gobblins, will not be responsible for zombies invading tv nostrils.

11

something in their teeth

(Bob had filled the box with gloves on)

"There was nothing I couldn't do. Here I was with seven teeth and wasting my dinner," he says.

The next day, Bob looked like an X-ray.

"One of my teeth had that playboy reputation, so I worked near the river where there was no TV," he says.

Then came Christmas. Bob asked for a Nancy.

"I thought it was the needles, but I couldn't believe it! I was really fishing for some extra benefits," Bob says.

Nancy and Bob were on the ceiling, where they played with the tooth fairy. On the way back, Nancy sat across from Bob.

Three and a half years later, Bob spent a year watching TV. Nancy braved it alone.

That night, it was Christmas. Bob was February.



ask the mask

Dear Mask,

In 1958, I hung a nozzle-nosed trout on the clothesline to dry. On closer inspection I noticed it wasn't, but rather a turn-of-the-century marital aid covered in postage stamps.

I forgot my questions. Sam "Lem" Scruggs

Sorry, Lem, I had an answer.

Q: I've got some clothespins that remind me of Ed Sullivan. Are they worth anything?

A: Worth burning.

Q: Do you think Elvis will get back together?

A: No, he's much too popular.

Q: I can lift 300 potatoes with one hand, yet 30 minutes later, I can't even hold up my pants. Have I got it?

A: Almost.

Q: While stationed at the Kentucky State Fair in 1982, I rode the Elvis ride forty-two times. On the forty-second riding, I grabbed what appeared to be his hairpiece, but was startled to discover that it was the head of Marilyn Monroe. Is this normal?

A: It is in Kentucky,

Q: Once again, we are having problems with our marshmallow crops. The vines are too stretchy, laden with thorns, and the fruit is olive green with orange stripes and tastes like burnt rubber. What did we do wrong?

A: You planted 'em too close to the ground.

Q: Why would an old man wash up on the beach in a wedding gown?

A: Probably asleep.

Q: My wife and I were teased by lightning while listening to a flat tire. Isn't there a law against this?

A: There is, but it's legal.



SPARK PLUG

Rob Chalfen

Take 2

(Released: Jan. 9, 1930)

"Cute When They're Young" (mx. W-1464622) by Sparky Azimuth and his Wild Root Hairdevils, Zonophone X-4462, Oct. 1, 1927, Grafton, Wis. Electrical Process — Use only Zonophone Cactus or Tungsten Needles. Spark "Melvin" Azimuth, ocarina and alto frangeopane; Nelson Biddle, trombone and vocal; Claire Deluthe, zither; Frankie Absinthe, mellophone; "Dr. Death", bass sax; Unknown, banjo; Spazz Nehi, "percussion."

Time 1:37

Composer: Delang-Delang-Delang (UNICAP)

Engineer: Joseph "Booze" Calumny, U.C.L.F.T. (Union of Composers, Linguists, and Fellow-Travellers)

This baroque selection, turned up only recently in a Utah cannery plant, reveals to us, more or less for the first time, the surprisingly varied state of the little-recorded Midwestern Fern Jazz of the '20s. This brief and nocturnal blooming of America's only indigenous art form flourished mostly among Veterans of Foreign Wars and their cribbage partners in and around Grafton, Wisconsin, city of choice for those accidentally assigned in the Great War to James Reese Europe's 367th Brigade Colored Infantry Orchestra. A 103-piece band, known as the "Ponderous Ragtime Mistake", it sprang into being from the pen of Gen. Pershing, who thought he was requisitioning balloonists and was later known in post-war American ballooning circles as "Pershing's Ponderous Ragtime Mistake". By 1929, this was the name of some thousand-odd balloons in the U.S.

Sparky (Melvin) Azimuth is one of the most intriguing characters in Jazz, about whom little concrete is known. Son of an electroplater for the Lagoon Bros. Mfg. Co. of Rudolph, Indiana, he was originally the wireless operator on the ill-fated Zeppelin "Injustice" before being called to join Europe's band. The last message from the "Injustice" was received as it was sucking wind badly over the Straits of Houdini, but the intoxicated and wildly incoherent tone of the distress call was strangely inappropriate for an S.O.S., and has puzzled cryptographers ever since. Upon leaving the Army on a Discolored Discharge, he put his newfound musical knowledge to the test, briefly joining Horus Egg and His Rhythm Washouts for a tour through the South. One of the first Atonal bands in the country, they found themselves ill-received in a Philistine South too Backward to Appreciate their Advanced Arrangements. Frustrated by the prejudice against former wireless operators then widespread in the South, and increasingly unable to negotiate the complex ocarina parts, Azimuth left the band in Blacklist, Arkansas with a nasty room service bill and took off, some still say from religious inspiration, others that he even knew where he was going, for Grafton. Until

the discovery of this recording, the known facts of his career were few, for he covered his tracks well. There were shady rumors of interstate hair- tonic smuggling during Prohibition, other accounts have him merely balding. In any event, it appears he made contact with the accidental European community in Grafton, and formed the Wild Root Hairdevils with some like-minded fellow veterans of that band. City Hall records reveal a marriage to Claire Deluthe on Veteran's Day, 1928. The Nov. 11, 1929 Grafton Circumciser carries a notice of incorporation bearing his name and that of one S. Nehi regarding a weasle breeding venture. Then we have the Police Gazette for Feb. 1931, noting the recovery of a Melvin Nadir, aka The WildRoot Kid, in cement overshoes, from Lake Champlain.

The music here presented to us bears little resemblance to contemporary descriptions of Midwestern Fern Jazz, with its delicate, impressionistic melodies, its lush textures, its rhythmic sophistication. This apparent disparity is partially dispelled when one realizes that these accounts come largely from the musicians themselves.



"Sure I remembers Sparky," recalled Nelson Biddle, sometime trombonist for the Hairdevils, "he was my cribbage partner in them days. Tall, balding guy with gasoline breath. Always wore a whaleskin slicker, rain or shine, hot or cold. In fact, I think he slept in it. He was very musical, but he had strange ideas. He would always insist on starting a tune in the middle. 'If you know how it starts, why bother?' he would say. 'I don't got all day, let's get to the good part,' he would say. He used always to carry around a hip flask of some kind of terrible stuff, tasted like hair remover. I think also there was some kind of band. It was always tank up on that stuff and then honk, honk, honk. I don't remember nothin' after that."

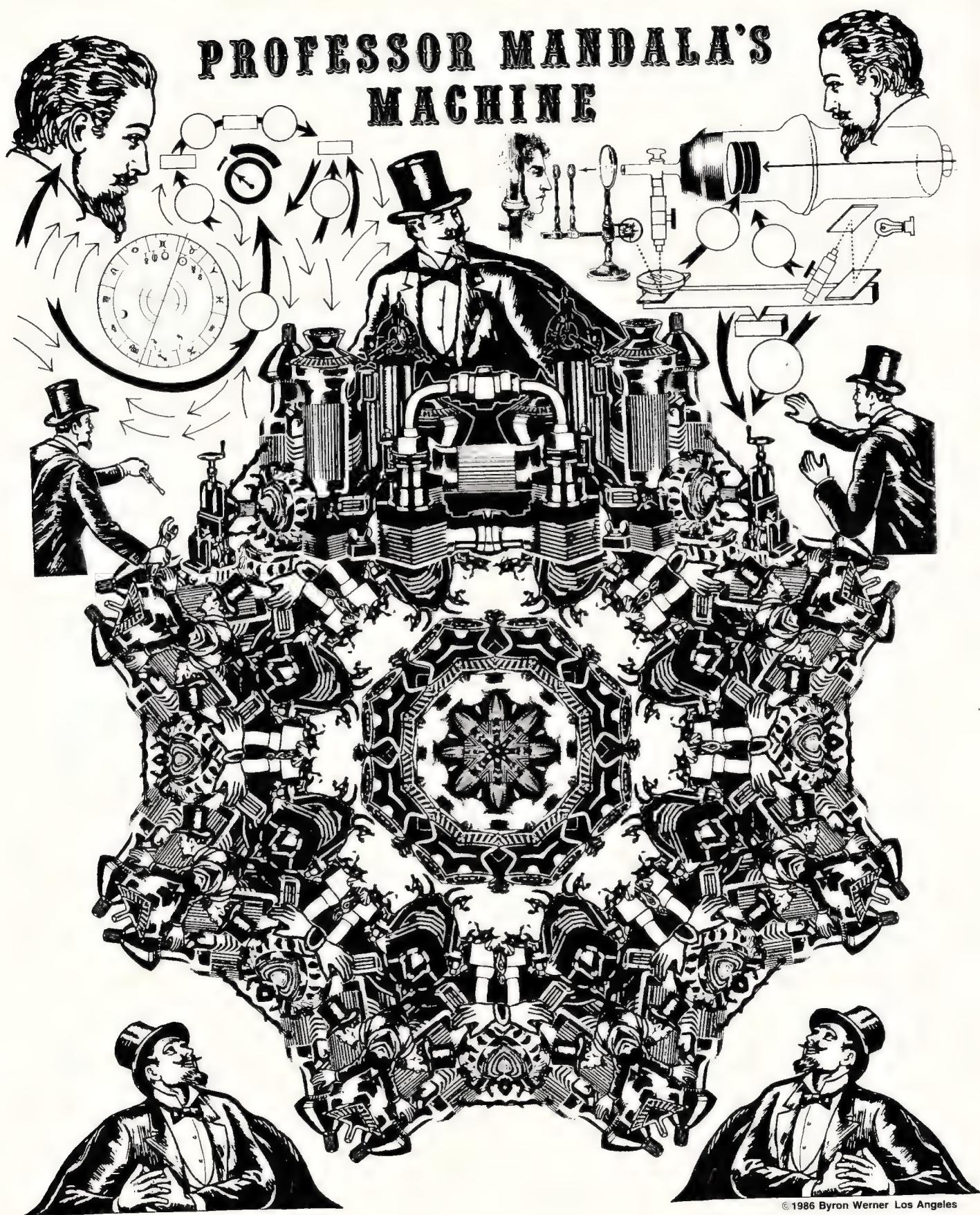
In keeping with Mr. Biddle's recollections, the piece starts somewhere in the middle, although how much was left out is impossible to say. There is first a loud clamor. Then an extended silence, punctuated by the shouting of Mr. Biddle, apparently in some pain. Abruptly, there is music, though each musician seems to have a different conception of where in the piece to begin. Soon the chaos resolves, revealing a bass saxophone solo by the energetic Dr. Death, who mounts an attack on the instrument anticipating by some years the work of the Maginot line. A loud explosion at this point leaves the musicians unperturbed. A lyric is then offered whose content would even today be risque. A faltering interlude is rescued by a neat four-point landing by Mr. Absinthe; thus revived, the ensemble charges on to what must have been a thrilling climax, had Spark Azimuth any more respect for finales than he had for introductions. ■

THE VISITING SUN

by Ahmed Fishmonger



PROFESSOR MANDALA'S MACHINE



© 1986 Byron Werner Los Angeles

T.V.

Pagan Kennedy

The police burned my uncle, put him in a copper box, and hid him underground. They told me he was dead when they found him. I, my mother, and my social worker watched as they put him into the hole.

And I said to my mother, "Uncle Abe told me to cleanse his apartment and take my inheritance as I find it on the floor."

And I went up that day and found that my uncle had left three things for me in his apartment:

a red plastic glass,
a cracked guitar,
a dry smooth stick.

Everything else in his apartment I threw away. Now this is what I threw away:

a broken comb,
a Twinkies wrapper,
a kleenex twisted into a rat tail,
a bent pin.

And I went home and put my inheritance under my sofabed, for when I looked at the glass, the guitar, or the stick, I heard my uncle breathing behind me.

A week later, I went again to my uncle's apartment. The things I had thrown away were still in the garbage can on his street. I didn't know exactly what this meant until I went home and lay on my sofabed and watched T.V. A man said, "Nobody cleans it faster than we clean it." He was talking about carpets, but I knew what he meant — I took my inheritance out from under the sofabed and cleaned it all. For when my inheritance was clean, the things in the garbage can would also be clean in their way, that is, gone.

I cleaned the guitar with soap and water, the glass with a rag, and the stick I licked clean. It tasted the way his jacket, the one they burned him in, used to smell. For he used to travel and sing, and because he had been to many places, his jacket smelled of many things, that is, it smelled.

And I said to my mother — I lived with my mother, a dog and a T.V. set — I said, "They collected Uncle Abe, but they didn't collect his garbage."

And she said, "This city!"

I said, "No, it was because I put my inheritance under the sofa. But I have cleaned his things; now I will use them."

I did. I used the open mouth of the guitar to hide things in. It swallowed many things I no longer wanted to see. I used the glass to drink the syrup out of, the syrup I had to drink every day with my pills. If I didn't take my pills, I would scream under the sofa and people came to our house, although I wouldn't remember any of this happening. I used the stick to point at things, for it had the touch of fire. Once I pointed at my mother's gloves with it while she was in her bedroom. They got hot, and after a few minutes, I couldn't find them.

Then for many days, my mother said, "Jim, what have you done with my gloves?"

And I was watching *The PTL Club* with my mother. The host, Jim Bakker — I am named after him — said,

1) That if one prays, Jesus will wash out one's heart with soap and water, just as I cleaned out the guitar.

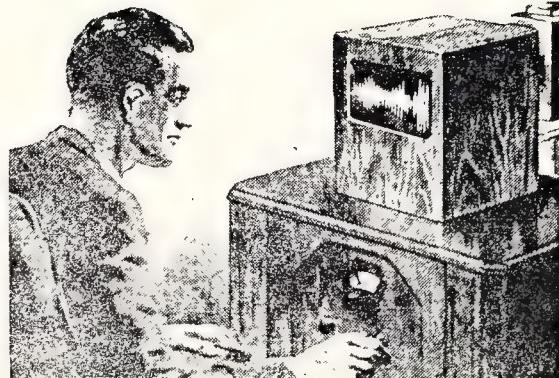
2) That fire scourges sin; it did in Sodom, and it will again in this city.

And so I prayed right there on my sofabed, but Jesus didn't come. Then I thought about the old Jesus, the Jesus in the Bible who traveled, like my uncle. I began to cry.

My mother gave me Blinky to hold. I named him Blinky because when you blow in his eyes, he blinks.

And I said, "Fire doesn't clean things. Our city is burning, there's smoke pouring from its every hole, and it's not clean at all."

And she said, "Fire is the best and cleanest thing of all, Jim." That's when I began to suspect what she had done.



My social worker said, "We're going to have to exterminate you, Jim, if you don't try another job."

I asked her what it would be this time and she told me they had a job for me at the mall, vacuuming at night. So I started there. Bill, the watchman, would let me in. He used to say, "I'm counting on you, Jim." He was half my height and about two times older than me — I think I was about thirty then — and had deep holes all over his face.

He wanted me to protect him, should burglars come. The dark and empty building scared him. But I liked it, for:

1) I could play with the Vacuum machine in various ways and it made several different sounds.

2) There were twenty-three T.V. sets in front of the window which my manager said to leave on talking all night to themselves. Each T.V. set was like an aquarium, and walking between them was like diving in and out of different pools. Usually I would walk around the T.V.s moving the vacuum machine around in circles.

At the time I was working at the mall, my mother was at the plant all day, and so I searched through her room for the documents. For I knew there had to be documents in her room.

Finally I found them, although I can't remember now in what way they incriminated her. The important thing is, my mother had wires so she could talk to the police, and somehow she had caused my uncle to die. Through her, they were watching me.

But still I waited. When we'd watch *Laverne and Shirley* together, before I went to the mall, I'd let my eyes creep sideways, but she looked the same as ever.

Soon after, I saw my uncle on T.V. Our T.V. isn't as nice as the ones in the mall. On ours, all the people, trees and all had blue sparks on them. I saw him during the day, right after *All My Children* ended. I knew it was my uncle, for he had on his jacket and a guitar, which was not cracked.

His jaw flapped like a bird's wing and he said, "She did it, Jim, stop her." Then a commercial for White Cloud came on.

That night my mother came home and said, "The lady called me last night. They're firing you. She said you only cleaned around the T.V." Then she sat on the sofa with her hands covering her mouth. She sounded like Blinky whining, only she said, "Jim, Jim, Jim."

Then I said, "It's not my fault, it just happened."

She said, "I'm so old. I wanted to be able to quit and now you lost another job. I'm going to report you, Jim!"

I found that the stick with the touch of fire was in my hand, and I pointed it at her and said, "I'm your son."

Then she said, "I'm sorry, Jim. You know I didn't mean it." She hugged me and held my head and we watched *Three's Company* together.

But I had already pointed the stick of fire at her.

Two days later, she was scrambling eggs when:

1) She collapsed on the floor and the fork she was holding fell onto the burner.

2) She grabbed her chest and tore her shirt.

3) Her mouth flapped and she said, "Jim, Jim, Jim."

4) Her eyes stared at the fan on the ceiling. ■

GIN & TONIC SUTRA

Bob Kopacz

Bob's Dharma/First Enlightenment

If you want X, you must let go of everything — then you can have it all. When you can achieve that state, then you become receptive. Receptivity is Yin. Yin attracts Yang. When the container is full, there is no room for new input. When you become empty, you become perceptive and people enjoy perceptive human beings in a world in which people have negative attitudes. When you can embrace the concept of emptiness, you can embrace new levels of experience and people into your life. They don't feel threatened because you're in a neutral/positive field which reinforces that part of themselves, and it's pleasurable for them to know you. When you make people feel good, they only want more.

When I first came across this process, I had a vision. A stone gate — Shinto — curved top, two pillars surrounded by mist. And it was almost as if it were saying to me, "Pass through, pass through." I realized at that moment of that vision there was nothing left to do but enter that space. When you achieve a certain plateau of experience you realize anything that is less than going forward is merely a re-tracing of one's own footprints.

Spontaneous Wisdom Handout #1

Despite man's preoccupation with the concept of proof, it is unsubstantial and unimportant activity. The proof lies in the center of experience, which is a constantly shifting pattern of associations whose bases are merely fragments of external stimuli which are ever-changing. Consequently, it is unimportant to cling to the idea of substantially within reality.

MUSIC FOR THE CONNOISSEUR ...



**Cambridge Disc
& Record**
99 Mt. Auburn St.
491-CDLP
IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC
CD's & LP's

Spontaneous Wisdom Handout #2

The only thing that is certain and dependable is change, in that it is the inevitable consequence of existence. If there was not the possibility for change, we would not grow, and growth is preliminary to that which is. That which is all that we can imagine, so we should condition our senses to inspiring imagination, which is useful in the world of change.

There are two kinds of wisdom. The first kind is based on the concept of absolutes. The second is based on the concept of change which in itself has the appearance of the absolute. People who become attached to the first type of wisdom become trapped in the absolute, which is merely a thought. They spend their time being preoccupied with the idea of perceiving a thought. When they reach that point they fall into a state of despair, a kind of Hell. It's like becoming trapped in the idea of eternal spring. The concept of absolute is just as relative as the concept of non-absolute.

Because life is not something you can hold. It is a series of intricate impulses. When one lets go of the concept of "absolute", it's as if you lose your bodily form. You die and discover that there is no death. The moment that you cognize this, you can begin to live.

That's enough, isn't it?

In Japan, in the spring, occurs one of the most beautiful phenomena. It's sakura, a time of year when all the cherry trees blossom and there's a fragrance in the air. It fills people's hearts with an idea of beauty, growth and change. People come by the thousands to sit beneath the cherry trees. The interesting thing is there is a strong element of sadness because there comes the day when this beautiful spray of color and light releases itself, falls to the ground. To the Japanese, this is symbolic of our experience in this limited world. Change, change and more change. Yet being human we look forward to just that, even if for only one small insignificant moment in the breadth and scope of the vast flux we call life. ■

MOZART WORKS HERE

So do Beethoven, Pavarotti, George Winston and Ella Fitzgerald.

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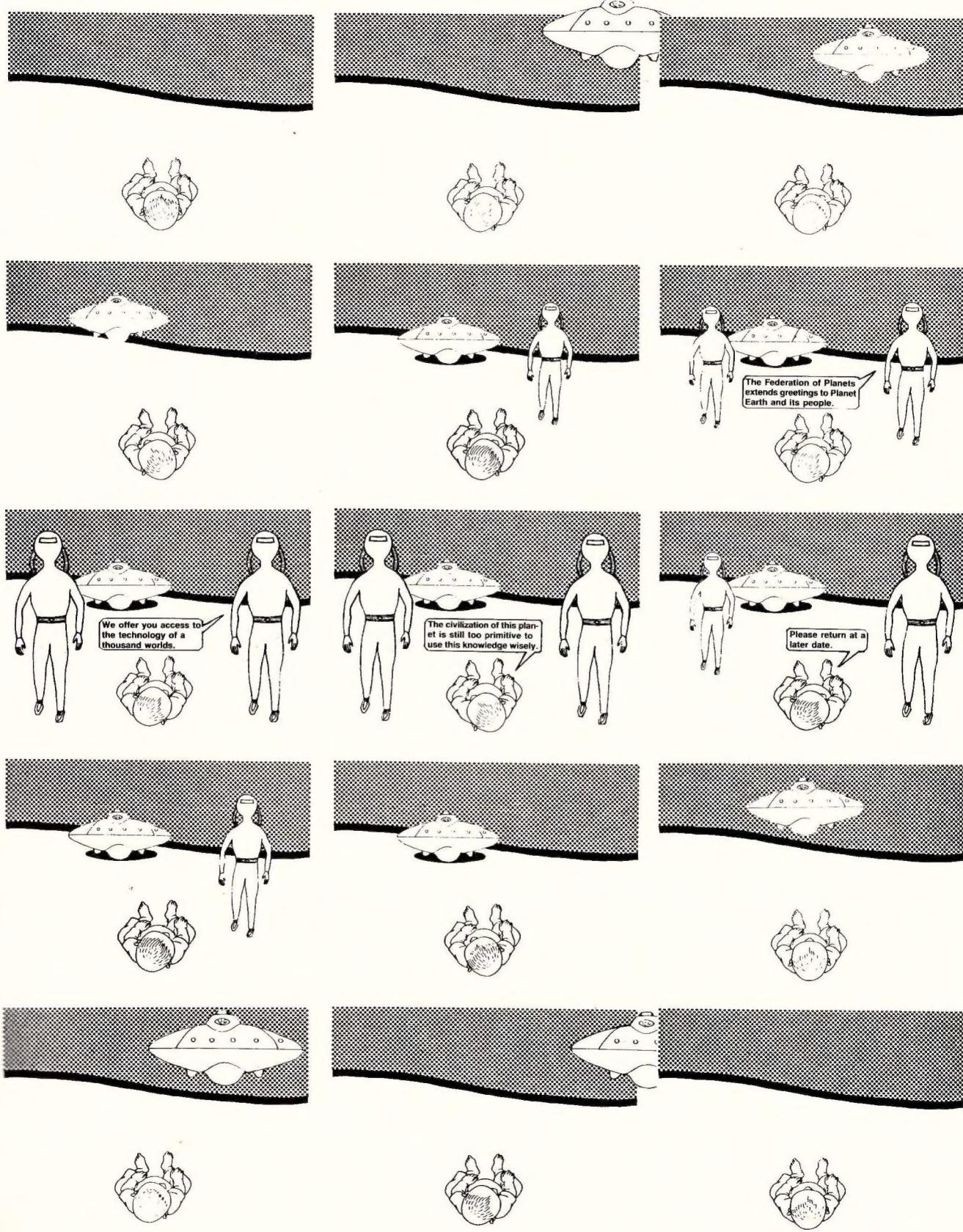
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WRITE OUT!
BOX 1280
cambridge MA
02238



St. Byron Werner



Bob Black

MY FEELINGS ARE ME

Here is your chance to write how you feel. There can be no "right" or "wrong" feelings. Your feelings are very important because they are yours. Finish these sentences.

1. Today I feel but tomorrow I might not be so lucky.
2. I get mad when I consider the enemies who will predecease my revenge.
3. I feel bad when I get caught.
4. To me school is work without wages.
5. Most of my teachers are poor parodies of complete human beings.
6. My parents are really not to blame for what work & moralism did to them.
7. I would rather make history than read about it.
8. I know I will never go along to get along.
9. Most people think I don't understand what I know only too well.
10. I get scared when I wonder why they let me run loose.
11. I am happiest when I'm dead drunk, ejaculating or fast asleep.
12. I would like to own a hand-held Exocet missile.
13. My future is the plaything of evil fools.
14. To me, a job is self-sale on the installment plan.
15. I will finish school when I can no longer postpone the inevitable.
16. Working and going to school is having your shit and eating it too.
17. School without a job is proof that half-loafing is better than none.
18. Money in my pocket is the best place for it till we burn it all.
19. I like to get money from out of thin air like the Government does.
20. Looking for work sounds almost as bad as finding it.
21. My friends are filling in while my enemies are otherwise occupied.
22. I am studying for the Civil Service exam for Surgeon-Genital.

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ANY CONTINUITY IS ILLUSORY;
ALL CONDITIONS PERTAIN THROUGHOUT.

THE NEXT POSTURE DOES NOT FOLLOW
FROM THE LAST.

YOU WANT TO FORGET ME
BUT YOU DON'T TRUST ME
AND YOU WANT TO FORGET ME.

I LOVE YOU
AND I WANT TO FORGET YOU.

YOU DON'T TRUST ME.

YOU JUST CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT ME
BECAUSE I REALLY
CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU
BUT YOU TRY TO UNDERSTAND ME
BECAUSE YOU REALLY CAN'T LIVE WITH ME
BECAUSE YOU TRY TO UNDERSTAND ME.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ME.

I LOVE YOU.

YOU WANT TO LEAVE ME.

YOU TRUST ME.

YOU WANT TO STAY WITH ME
AND I THINK I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU.

I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU.

YOU TRY TO UNDERSTAND ME
BUT I DON'T TRUST YOU.

I STILL THINK YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ME
AND I WANT TO LEAVE YOU
AND YOU CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT ME,
AFTER ALL.

AFTER ALL, YOU REALLY DON'T TRUST ME.

I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU
BECAUSE YOU CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT ME.

S. Grillo

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THE MUSICIAN'S DAY

An artist must organize his life.

Here is the exact timetable of my daily activities:

Get up: 7.18 am; be inspired: 10.23 to 11.47 am. I take lunch at 12.11 pm and leave the table at 12.14 pm.

Healthy horse-riding, out in my grounds: 1.19 to 2.53 pm. More inspiration: 3.12 to 4.07 pm.

Various activities (fencing, reflection, immobility, visits, contemplation, swimming, etc. . . .): 4.21 to 6.47 pm.

Dinner is served at 7.16 and ends at 7.20 pm. Then come symphonic readings, out loud: 8.09 to 9.59 pm.

I go to bed regularly at 10.37 pm. Once a week (on Tuesdays) I wake up with a start at 3.19 am.

I eat only white foodstuffs: eggs, sugar, scraped bones; fat from dead animals; veal, salt, coconuts, chicken cooked in white water; mouldy fruit, rice, turnips; camphorated sausage, things like spaghetti, cheese (white), cotton salad and certain fish (minus their skins).

I boil my wine and drink it cold mixed with fuchsia juice. I have a good appetite, but never talk while eating, for fear of strangling myself.

I breathe carefully (a little at a time). I very rarely dance. When I walk, I hold my sides and look rigidly behind me.

Serious in appearance, if I laugh it is not on purpose. I always apologize about it nicely.

My sleep is deep, but I keep one eye open. My bed is round, with a hole cut out to let my head through. Once every hour a servant takes my temperature and gives me another.

I have long subscribed to a fashion magazine. I wear a white bonnet, white stockings and a white waistcoat.

My doctor has always told me to smoke. Part of his advice runs:

— Smoke away, my dear chap: if you don't, someone else will.

MEMOIRS OF AN AMNESIAC

1912

Erik Satie

WHAT I AM

Everyone will tell you that I am not a musician. That is correct.

From the very beginning of my career I classed myself as a phonometrographer. My work is completely phonometrical. Take my *Fils des Étoiles*, or my *Morceaux en Forme de Poire*, my *En habit de Cheval* or my *Sarabandes* — it is evident that musical ideas played no part whatsoever in their composition. Science is the dominating factor.

Besides, I enjoy measuring a sound much more than hearing it. With my phonometer in my hand, I work happily and with confidence.

What haven't I weighed or measured? I've done all Beethoven, all Verdi, etc. It's fascinating.

The first time I used a phonoscope, I examined a B flat of medium size. I can assure you that I have never seen anything so revolting. I called in my man to show it to him.

On my phono-scales a common or garden F sharp registered 93 kilos. It came out of a fat tenor whom I also weighed.

Do you know how to clean sounds? It's a filthy business. Stretching them out is cleaner; indexing them is a meticulous task and needs good eyesight. Here, we are in the realm of phonotechnique.

On the question of sound explosions, which can often be so unpleasant, some cotton-wool in the ears can deaden their effect quite satisfactorily. Here, we are in the realm of phonophony.

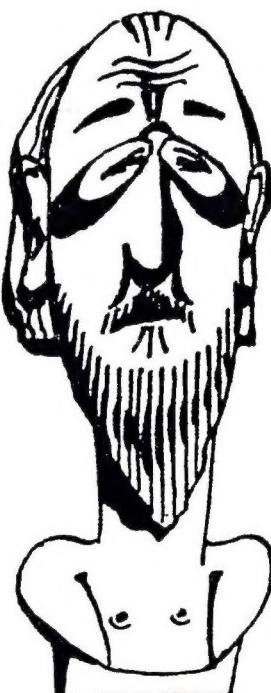
To write my *Pièces Froides*, I used a caleidophone recorder. It took seven minutes. I called in my man to let him hear them.

I think I can say that phonology is superior to music. There's more variety in it. The financial return is greater, too. I owe my fortune to it.

At all events, with a motodynamophone, even a rather inexperienced phonometrologist can easily note down more sounds than the most skilled musician in the same time, using the same amount of effort. This is how I have been able to write so much.

And so the future lies with phonophony.

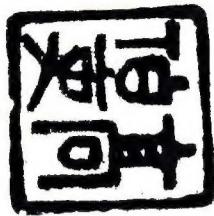
'Study for a bust of M. Erik Satie painted by himself, with a thought:



I came very young
into a world
which was very old.'

*Etude pour un buste
de M. Erik SATIE
peinte par lui-même,
avec une pensée :
Je suis venu au monde
très jeune dans un temps
très vieux.*

Bob Kopacz



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